

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Telephones in all departments: Central Union, West 145, 1145 and 2145; Union Electric, 5145.



Wednesday, December 11, 1912.

Wonder if Roosevelt will again admit that he is the all-around political champion of America with only one defeat, and that at Armageddon?

Dempsey and West will not find enough scraps of that old republican machine to make it worth while to cart them to a junk shop.

If the automatic telephone system is installed there is one reform that will come. We will cease at least to hear "the line is busy now," response.

Rock Island merchants are offering Christmas wares as useful and appropriate and novel at lower prices than the merchants in the larger cities. Try Rock Island First.

OLIO FRAUDS.

A federal grand jury at Chicago has begun investigation of a charge that large manufacturers of oleomargarine have defrauded the government out of \$200,000 in selling as an uncolored product oleo colored by the use of vegetable oils. The federal tax on uncolored oleo is 3-4 of 1 cent a pound and on colored oleo 10 cents a pound. If the thing charged actually was done the loss in revenue to the government is 3-4 cents on every pound sold.

The purpose of the tax is to prevent the sale of oleo in competition with butter and thus to protect the producers of butter. Free to color their product to look like butter, manufacturers of oleo could lay it down side by side with butter and easily undersell the producers of butter. Continuance of the tax on oleo, especially on the colored product, is essential to the life of the dairying interests.

A CANDIDATES EXPENSES.

Ignatius Brennan of Wheeling, W. Va., defeated democratic nominee for state treasurer, has filed his account of campaign expenses. They are in part:

Securing nomination by purchase, \$2.25; tips to republican Pullman porters, \$14; tips to bull moose waiters, \$2; hotels, \$100; to hostesses posing as hotel, \$35; tips to "nonpledged" republican waiters, \$5.25; livery hire (at candidates' rates), \$20 (ordinary rates about \$6); "workers" (7) (well named), \$25; cards (not playing cards), \$7.50; cuts of my "mug," \$12; buttermilk, pop, seltzer, beer, ale, whisky, highballs, cocktails for myself and friends, over which are discussed our majorities, \$35; headache powders, malts, liver pills, Turkish baths, etc., for myself the next morning, \$7; incidentals (this includes loans, without security, hold-ups, roundups, tickets for raffles and balls never pulled off; prescriptions for the "stick," subscriptions to magazines I didn't want, donations to churches outside of my own parish (when I am back two years in my pew rent at home), \$45.

Mr. Brennan lives in West Virginia and it was there that he ran for office. His experiences are identical with those of the candidates in other states, but Mr. Brennan has a clearer way than have most candidates of telling the exact truth.

ILLINOIS IN CABINET.

Illinois has several distinguished democrats whose names are being suggested seriously for positions in the cabinet of Woodrow Wilson.

One of Governor-elect Dunne's warmest supporters in the primary and general campaign has been talked of frequently among influential democrats in connection with the cabinet. He is John Barton Payne, one of Chicago's leading lawyers, a former member of the circuit bench and president of the South park board.

The Chicago Evening Post suggests our own Justice George A. Cooke, who was re-elected last summer to the supreme court of the state. He has a strong following down the state, and it is said his friends think he is of the right build for a place in the cabinet.

Judge Jacob Creighton of Fairfield, a jurist of high standing in southern Illinois, and Hon. Elmore W. Hurst of this city, who was head of one of the most important bureaus at the western headquarters during the presidential campaign, have been frequently mentioned of late in discussions of the new president's advisers.

None of these is a candidate. No one ever is a candidate for the cabinet. However, none of them, it is said, would decline an invitation to sit in the cabinet of Mr. Wilson.

There is an understanding of some

sort that the new president will allot two seats in his official family to the middle western states. There are a number of these states, and their joint offerings are large. It is said the chances for Illinois getting one of the honors depends on the man suggested, and the backing he has for consideration.

FOURTH CLASS POSTMASTERS.

President Taft, by one push of his pen, placed the tens of thousands (about 40,000 in all) of fourth class postmasters under civil service, thus making perpetual office holders out of those now holding these important places, so close to the people of our rural communities.

This may be called by some a proper use of the civil service system. The Argus, however, does not think so. It may be regarded seriously as an undesirable innovation, or more emphatically speaking, a pernicious use of civil service. The duties of a fourth class postmaster, while important, are not onerous nor difficult.

There is no more reason why a fourth class postmaster should be appointed for life than a member of the board of supervisors or an alderman from a city ward. In fact, the life sentence of a fourth class postmaster seems to the Argus detrimental rather than beneficial to the service.

In saying this it is not necessary to call into question the fitness of the occupant of any fourth class office, or the propriety of retaining him if it is agreeable all around. The objection to the perpetual office term is that it takes from the people the right to make a change if they wish. They have done this here before through their representative in congress, and he, in turn, consults the wishes of the community.

The old way is the best way in this matter of fourth class postoffices, and it might with truth be said also in the matter of a good many other official places that have been worked by interested parties into the "civil service" system.

THE AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE.

As a result of the vote of the people in yesterday's special election, Rock Island is to try its luck with another telephone system, the automatic. It has licensed the Home Automatic company to do business here in conjunction with the sister cities of Moline and Davenport which have granted franchises to the same corporation. The telephone question has been a much vexed one, locally speaking for years. Opposition to the Bell or Central Union company led to the formation of the Union Electric company and the granting of an ordinance to that institution, with the subsequent awarding of the privilege to install an automatic plant. But after all the complaining of the exactions and miserable service of the old company the people failed to sustain the Union Electric in patronage and it has become a financial wreck, making no pretense at the present time of rendering service. It is a dead letter, and yet the people on two different occasions have declined to relieve it of its responsibility in the premises. They have refused to permit its absorption by the Central Union, and having kept it in the field have now granted still another corporation the right to operate here.

There are a few things the people should insist upon if the automatic plant is installed. One of these is that the tearing up of new paved streets for the placing of conduits should not be tolerated. The alleys should be used entirely. Another thing that ought not to be allowed is the indiscriminate stringing of wires across parks and private grounds. There ought to be a distinct requirement as to rates as well as service, and the wage that is paid to employees is worthy of consideration.

Just what kind of an ordinance, from a strictly technical standpoint, has been granted by the people it is hard to determine, as was said by The Argus prior to the election. All that one can judge by is the ordinance which has been published and as outlined on another page. To what extent it is capable of construction or misconstruction remains to be seen.

CHECKING BAD SYSTEMS.

The board of supervisors should be commended and encouraged in the adoption of any system that will check loose methods in county finances and put the business of the county on as nearly a business basis as may be. No only should the same methods of economy be applied that are essential to the success of any business, but practices long in vogue that have operated to the detriment of the taxpayers should cease. What has been disclosed in the sheriff's office is the culmination of a custom, and if the board succeeds in bringing about such an adjustment as will insure to the county the revenues that properly belong to it, it will have accomplished one reform that has been urged for years.

The placing of the office of the state's attorney on a salary basis was a move in the right direction. There should be no premium for convictions, and there ought to be no need of such a policy where the state prosecutor does his duty and is properly paid for his services. In the same sense, the fee system in the sheriff's office should be abolished. The sheriff is entitled to a salary commensurate with his services, and he should have a sufficient allowance for all the hire that he needs in deputies and jail care. It is the duty of the county to see to it that the prisoners are properly fed and cared for. Under the administration of a former sheriff, The Argus took the position that the board of supervisors should provide for the expense account of the sheriff for the maintenance of prisoners and see that this branch of the sheriff's office is economically administered, but The Argus was accused of an unfriend-

Domestic Science DEPARTMENT



CONDUCTED BY Mrs. Alice Gitchell Kirk

In oiled paper and paper towel, fine when pickling, and all for 10 cents. There are also paper tubs, pails, jelly glasses, paper cases of many lengths for hanging coats, gowns for maid, mistress or master.

Cooking bags of paper was the subject of a previous article, and many housekeepers in and around our city had no baking pan to wash when they cooked their Thanksgiving turkey this year, as it was baked in the paper bag and when done the paper bag was thrown into the waste basket. We have baked many ginger breads in the ordinary cracker boxes. They come in paraffin paper lined. By carefully cutting off the covers and tying a tape around the box so that, as the cake bakes and expands, the box will not get out of shape. When it comes from the oven, with a sharp knife cut down the corners of the box, take out the ginger bread and throw the box in the waste basket. Each time this experiment has proven perfectly successful, and we enjoy the ginger bread all the more for not having to wash a pan.

One of the best and most sanitary things which has found a place in our kitchen during the past year is the paper roller towel. How glad we were to say "good-bye" to that roller towel which I was always trying to turn around so as to have the clean side (if it had any) be in front. As the cook once said: "Sure, am I wipin' the dirt on the towel or is it wipin' the dirt on me hands?"

We find so many uses for it besides drying our hands and faces. In frying doughnuts, the paper is so absorbent it takes up all the grease and leaves the doughnuts, croquettes, fish, oysters, or whatever else is being fried, perfectly dry. A little piece torn off one corner is better than a brush for greasing pans for baking. When canning fruit or making jelly, these towels are used, as it saves stains on linen towels, besides much laundering. Best of all, in public places where disease is so easily carried through the pores of the skin from the common roller towel, they are now using the paper towel. It has come to stay, and every other good thing made from paper will surely be welcome in every home where sanitary conditions are desired.

THE MONTH OF POLITENESS

(Chicago Evening Post.)

The one who is a "spug" at heart and thinks little of an impending Christmas until it is fairly atop of him is being groomed right now without realizing it. Lately he has been made to consider briefly the increasing deference of elevator conductors who transport him daily. A light is beginning to suffuse him and he will be able to watch growing and cumulative politeness with amused interest. At first it started with a few guarded observations on the weather, in which he is involved to the point

of making expert answers. Next a car is held to save him the slight inconvenience of waiting for another, the door being opened and shut with accompanying smiles and obeisances. The passenger is not to be allowed to become forgetful of the faithful conductor or watch the year around and doubly so in the month of December.

Before long there will be a bell of red, fluted paper, a wreath of holly and a clear box with a hole in it, surmounted by a card reading, "Remember the boys."

ly attitude toward the sheriff. The county board overruled the suggestions then made and the old system has gone on.

If the affairs of the entire county are placed on a strictly business basis, as seems now to be the purpose and plan, the condition of county finances will soon show an improvement.

There is no doubt about that.

MISSING A CARIBOU.

An Attack of "Buck Ache" Made a Fool of the Hunter.

What the "buck ache" is like is described in "The Journal of a Sporting Nomad," by J. T. Studley. The author's first attempt against the caribou resulted in humiliation. He tells that Johnny, his Indian guide, suddenly

MAYOR HARRISON'S EYE ON SIXTH TERM



Carter H. Harrison.

Carter H. Harrison, Chicago's next mayor and present incumbent, is said to have his eye on another term. It is believed that before long he will announce his determination to again be a candidate, although the primaries are two years away. At least three other democratic politicians have practically announced their candidacy for the Windy city's chief executive office.



Prefers Them Old.

A Wood street business man dropped in upon a Smithfield street business man.

"I see you don't object to hiring old men?"

"No," said the Smithfield street man.

"Why should I?"

"Some employers seem to think that old men wouldn't do for business these days."

"Why not?"

"Pace too fast, I guess."

"Well, I don't know about that. When they get too old to be interested in canoes, or mandolins, or fancy waistcoats, or horse races, I find 'em pretty good for work."

War Preparations.

"What's the latest from the front?" asked the sultan when the grand vizier came to make his daily report.

"Your highness, the Serbians are marching on Novipaza, and are almost at Ristovatz," said the grand vizier.

"I guess you had better order the royal mechanic to strengthen the Z lever in the official typewriter," sighed the sultan. "It looks as if it was in for a hard season."

Hippo Described.

Johnny, who had been to the circus, was telling his teacher about the wonderful things he had seen.

"An' teacher," he cried, "they had one big animal they called the hippo."

"Hippopotamus, dear," prompted the teacher.

"I can't just say its name," exclaimed Johnny, "but it looks just like 9,000 pounds of liver."

SILLY DOCTOR.



Doctor—Perhaps it's your cooking that's responsible for your husband's illness. He has a severe attack of gastritis.

Mrs. Justwed—Gastritis! But I always cook on a coal stove.

A Cheap Diversion.

Though slim my purse, Somehow it glads My heart to read The auto ads.

Unexpected.

The visitor from beyond the suburbs had patronized the tobacco store and was about to take his first street car ride.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed, as the conductor, after taking his nickel, handed him a transfer, "do they give keweenaw when a feller rides on the cars, too?"

With That Exception.

"How are Jack and his wife getting along together?"

"Generally very well, but not always. You remember he got her to promise that whenever he went wrong in his department or made a break in his grammar she'd correct him?"

"Yes."

"Well, she's doing it."

His Pen Name.

"Here!" cried the hotel clerk, glancing at the register where the new arrival had just scrawled "No. 1523." "What's the idea?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" explained the ex-forgoer, as he corrected his social error. "That's my pen name."

Judge.

An Expensive Diversion.

"I understand Mr. and Mrs. Brush by no longer quarrel."

"That's true. The last time they had a misunderstanding they broke so much crockery and furniture they decided that they simply couldn't afford to fall out."

A Great Disappointment.

"When Colonel Soggy rose impressively to his feet and made such an eloquent speech I felt sure he would start off the subscription list with at least \$1,000."

"What did he offer?"

"His moral support."

Stupid.

"I wish I was half as beautiful as Miss Brown," remarked the fair Edith to Mr. Green.

"Well, you are, you know," replied Green thoughtlessly.

Then he wondered why she suddenly rose and left him.

The Argus Daily Story

Across the Border—By Sarah Atherton.

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Ralph Hillman was wishing he had not taken this solitary fishing trip up Little Bear river. There is not much sport in landing a ten pounder when there is no companion to praise or deprecate one's efforts, and the bacon and biscuits prepared over the campfire lost their zest when eaten with no other companion than Nip, the mottled mongrel who was Ralph's closest friend, excepting always Francis Beale, but Beale was traveling in the orient and not available as a companion.

Francis and Ralph had been brought up together. They had been playmates in childhood, had attended the same school and had gone to the same college at the same time. During their college days they had long conferences on subjects which interested youth, but which as persons grow older they do not like to think, much less talk, about. The subject which fascinated them was the hereafter and the reappearance of mortals after death. Francis, though he seemed to believe such reappearances might be possible with some disembodied spirits, seemed less inclined to discuss the subject than his friend. When Ralph proposed a compact by which the one who died first should appear if possible to the other Francis agreed, but reluctantly.

Strange to relate, at this time as Ralph sat in the circle of his campfire, trying to read by the bright glow, Nip suddenly growled, and the hair on his neck rose in a stiff bristling ridge. Ralph looked up and inclined his ear to the vague rustle of the encompassing forest, and there stepped out of the shadows none other than Francis Beale himself. With his old whimsical smile he dropped to the ground on the other side of the fire and clasped his hands around his knees.

"By the great horn spoon, I'm glad to see you—but, man, where did you

come from?" gasped Ralph, too astonished to give other greeting to this unexpected guest.

"I heard you were here, and I wanted to talk with you again," returned Beale easily.

"Smoke?" asked Ralph, extending pipe and tobacco box.

The other shook his head. "Not now."

"You are not sick, are you?" queried Ralph anxiously. He could not understand Francis Beale declining a smoke. In the old days he had earned the nickname of "The Chimney" because he was rarely without pipe or cigar between his lips.

"Never felt better in my life," returned Beale, leaning back against the trunk of a beech tree. "How have things gone with you, old man?"

"Fine and dandy," said Ralph; "only I wish I'd never started forth on this trip alone—had the bestest time all alone. If I'd known you were within hailing distance of Chicago I'd have made connections and waited for you to join me. When did you strike my trail?"

"Not long ago," evaded Beale. "That's another story as some one has already said."

"Well, if you want to be close mouthed about your movements lately, at least you can spin me a yarn of your oriental trip," went on Ralph in an injured tone. "What about something to eat—coffee?"

The other shook his head and gazed moodily into the fire. "That's what I came for," he said gravely.

Ralph was puzzled. "Came for? The coffee?"

"No—to spin you a yarn of what happened."

"Happened when?"

"The 8th of July."

"The 8th of July—why, that was yesterday! Oh, I forgot—of course you've been gone a year. You mean the 8th of last July."

Francis Beale made no comment. For awhile he sat there, silent, morose, his dark eyes fixed on the fire. The dancing flames cast a rosy glow over his face and hands and lighted up the rough traveling clothes that he wore. Ralph thought it strange that trained woodman as Beale was, he had not arrayed himself for this long and tedious fishing trip. He carried no impedimenta, and his friend attributed this to Beale's having made a small camp of his own near by or else he had dropped this bit beyond the circle of flame.

"Fare away," prompted Ralph lazily as he lounged on the warm ground. He reached out and laid his hand on Nip's bristled neck and felt the dog trembling like an aspen. "Nip's getting white livered over something," re-

marked Ralph. "I went to Kaoling on the China coast, you know," began Beale abruptly. "You remember I was searching for some stray pieces of that rare old Kaoling porcelain, and I had been put on that trail by Hudnuth of San Francisco."

Ralph nodded. "I was the only white man within a hundred miles in any direction of the little village, and their courtesy disarmed me of my fears I may have entertained as to their hospitality. The steamer's boat which landed me returned to the big vessel, and she steamed away into the horizon, leaving me all alone on the yellow mud shore, surrounded by a chattering, tittering crowd of native Chinese as yellow as the mud."

"Of course there was no inn to speak of, only an infested hole, into which I poked my head only once. On the outskirts of the village I found the deserted home of a prosperous merchant and made a deal with his relatives for its occupancy. There I made my headquarters, surrounded by thieving servants and aware that if I was ever caught off my guard I was done for. They were a crowd that would have knifed me for twenty cash."

"I knew that a remote Chinese fishing village is a queer place in which to look for Kaoling porcelain; but, mark you, Ralph, that little village was all that remained of a once great and prosperous city whose ruins straggled back from the sea and covered many leagues of flat country, broken by jutting stones of half burned temples."

"It was here those treasures were if the earthquake which had destroyed the city had spared the porcelains. So I made my strongest efforts to bear on the temple ruins, and in the end I met a measure of success. I was sorry that I had not persuaded you to accompany me on that quest; but, no, perhaps it was best that you did not."

Beale stared into the fire with strangely lit eyes, and there was something in the rigidity of his attitude that brought Ralph Hillman to a sitting posture where he could watch his friend closely.

"Go on, Francis," he urged. "I wish I had been with you, danger or not. You know I'm not afraid of that."

"I know," said the other, with a long confident look at Ralph. "We have slept by campfires together, and you saved my life once. That was why I wanted to see you once more."

"Once more?" repeated Ralph uneasily. "What do you mean, Francis? You are not going away again?"

"Never mind that now; you will understand after you have heard my story. As I said, I found the entrance to an especially promising temple and I planned to spend an entire day there, hoping to reach the inner shrine, where there might be a porcelain god, and I was almost sure to discover some altar vessels of the coveted ware. Of course I had had help in my work, a gang of coolies had excavated for me day by day, but now that a free passage had been discovered I preferred to be alone, as I knew they would resent the removal of one article from the place, and I was after all I could get."

"Before I started out that morning I had received word that Barmont and his party would join me on the 8th, that very day was the 7th of September. I was slated to think I was going to have white companions at last, men interested in the same pursuit that I was. I sent the boatman, who had brought the message, away rejoicing with a handful of money and so further excited the enmity of my native servants."

"I ordered my house set in order for a dozen guests, and so I went on to the buried city. I made my way down into the stone passage of the temple, found my way unchecked save by occasional blocks of stone, which I pried away, and at last I was within the inner shrine, where my wildest hopes were realized."

"Such a collection of Kaoling ware you never saw, but Barmont will rescue it, and you may see it in the museum. It was while I was bending above the porcelain that the blow came—stab wounds one after another in my back and sides from a dozen treacherous knives. Then I was flung into a dark corner to die, while the murderers fled to loot my house."

"I lingered until the evening of the 9th, and just as Barmont and his party reached me, before I could tell them who the guilty ones were, I died!"

"You what?" screamed Ralph, springing to his feet.

"I died," said the other quietly, "but I came to say goodbye. All at once Ralph was alone in the whispering forest, while Nip lifted his head in one long drawn howl."

A week later Ralph Hillman struck civilization again. His first search of telegraphic news left him limp and white. The letters stared blackly at him:

"It has been learned that Dr. Francis Beale, who had been traveling in China, was murdered by natives on the coast and supposed to have died on the 9th inst."

Every one slugs as he has the gift and marries as he has the luck.—From the Portuguese.

Dec. 11 in American History.

1797—Rear Admiral Hiram Paulding, one of the naval heroes in the war of 1812, born; died 1878.
1816—Indiana became a state.
1861—Confederation in Charleston, S. C.; loss \$7,000,000.
1862—Bombardment of the city of Fredericksburg, Va., by General A. E. Burnside's artillery.
1905—Edward Atkinson, social and political economist, died; born 1827.